He needs no indirect nor lawfull course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.
1. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant spring, braue *Plantagenet*,
The Princely Nouice was strooke dead by thee.
Cla. My brothers loue, the Deuill, and my rage,
1. Thy brothers loue, the Deuill, and thy fault,
Haue brought vs hither now to murther thee.
Cla. Oh, if you loue brother, hate not me,
I am his brother, and I loue him well:
If you be hirde for need, goe backe againe,
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.
2. You are deceiu'd, your brother Gloucester hates you.
Cla. Oh no, he loues me and he holds me deare,
Go you to him from me.
Am. I so we will.
Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely father Yorke,
Blest his three sonnes with his victorious arme:
And chargd vs from his soule to loue each other,
He little thought of this diuided friendship,
Bid Gloucester thinke on this, and he will weepe,
Am. I, milstones, as he lessoned vs to weepe.
Cla. O, doe not slander him for he is kind.
1. Right, as snow in haruest, thou deceiust thy selfe,
Tis he that sent vs hither now to murther thee.
Cla. It cannot be: for when I parted with him,
He hugd me in his armes, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my deliuerie.
2. Why so he doth, now he deliuers thee
From this worlds thraldome: to the ioyes of heauen.
1. Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.
Cla. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule,
To counsell me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blind,
That thou wilt war with God for murthering me?
Ah sirs consider, he that set you on
To doe this deede, will hate you for this deede,

2. What shall we doe?
Cla. Relent, and saue your soules.
1. Relent, tis cowardly, and womanish.
Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, and diuelish.
My friend, I spie some pittie in your lookes;
Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side and intreat for me:
A begging Prince, what begger pities not?
1. I thus, and thus: if this will not serue, *He stabs him.*
Ile chop thee in the malmesey But in the next roome.
2. A bloodie deede, and desprately performd,
How faine like Pilate would I wash my hand,
Of this most grieuous guiltie murder done.
1. Why doest thou not helpe me?
By heauen the Duke shall know how slacke thou art.
2. I would he knew that I had saued his brother,
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slaine. *Exit.*
1. So do not I, goe coward as thou art.
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meed I must away,
For this will out, and here I must not stay. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, Queene, Hastings, Riuers, &c.

King. So, now I haue done a good dayes worke,
You peeres continue this vnited league,
I euery day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence:
And now in peace my soule shall part to heauen,
Since I haue set my friend at peace on earth:
Riuers and Hastings, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, sweare your loue.
Ri. By heauen my heart is purgd from grudging hate,
And with my hand I seale my true hearts loue.
Hast. So thriue I as I sweare the like.
King. Take heede you dally not before your King,
Least he that is the supreame King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.14) Octavo